

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Greg* Were factious, for the House of *Launcester*; And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband, In *Margarets* Battaille, at *Saint Albons*, slaine? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you haue beene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*, I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*, Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine; I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riv. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. M. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am thee, and altogether ioyleffe: I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that looks on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.

Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (sight?)

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,

That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,

Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.

A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,

And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:

This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,

And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,

When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,

And with thy scornes drew'st *Rivers* from his eyes,

And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,

Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rutland*:

His Curfes then, from bitternesse of Soule,

Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee:

And God, nor we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. M. So iust is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,

And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you all your hatred now on me?

Did *Yorke* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen,

That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuisish Brat? Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen? Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes.

Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched selfe: Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,

And see another, as I see thee now, Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine: Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,

And after many length'ned howres of griefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene. *Rivers* and *Dorset*, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may liue his naturall age,

But by some vnlook'd accident cut off. *Rich.* Haue done thy Charme, & hateful wither'd Hagg.

Q. M. And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for I shalt heare me. If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee, O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace, The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,

And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends: No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.

Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie The laue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,

Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragg of Honor, thou detested--

Rich. *Margaret*,
Q. M. *Richard*. *Rich.* Ha.
Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee merie then: for I did thinke, That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names,
Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply, Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.
Q. M. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your selfe,
Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about? Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe: The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade. *Hast.* False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse, Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well seru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty, Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects: O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable. They that stand high, haue many blafts to shake them, And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.

Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it *Mar-* quesse.

Der. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high: Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne. *Mar.* And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas, Witness my Sonne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp. Your ayerie buildeth in our ayeries Nest:

O God that seest it, do not suffer it, As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so. *Buc.* Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me: Vncharitably with me haue you dealt, And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.

My Charity is outrage, Life my shame, And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage. *Buc.* Haue done, haue done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand, In signe of League and amity with thee: Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:

Thy Garments are not sported with our blood: Nor thou within the compasse of my curse. *Buc.* Nor no one heere: for Curfes neuer passe

The lips of those that breathe them in the ayre. *Mar.* I will not thinke but they ascend the sky, And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge: Look when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites, His venom tooth will ranke to the death.

Haue not to do with him, beware of him, Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him, And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me For my gentle counsell?

And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from: O but remember this another day: When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse: Live each of you the subjects to his hate, And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curfes.
Riv. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother, She hath had too much wrong, and I repent My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong: I was too hot, to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now: Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed: He is frank'd vp to fattening for his paines,

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Riv. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd. *Speakes to himselfe.*

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd my selfe.

Cates. Madam, his Maie And for your Grace, and you
Q. M. *Catesby* I come, Lo
Riv. We wait vpon your

Rich. I do the wrong, and The secret Mischiefes that I lay vnto the grieuous cha

Clarence, who I indeede haue I do beweepe to many simp Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*

And tell them 'tis the Quee That stirre the King against Now they beleene it, and w

To be reueng'd on *Rivers*, But then I sigh, and with a Tell them that God bids vs And thus I cloath my naked With odde old ends, stolne And seeme a Saint, when m

Enter two
But soft, heere come my Ex How now my hardy Rout r Are you now going to disp

Vil. We are my Lord, and That we may be admitted v

Rich. Well thought vpon When you haue done, repa But first be sodaine in the ex Withall obdurate, do not h For *Clarence* is well spoken, May moue your hearts to pi

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, Talkers are no good dooers We go to vse our hands, and

Rich. Your eyes drop M fall Teares: I like you Lads, about your Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will my Nobl

Scena

Enter Clarence
Keep. Why looks you Cla. O, I haue past a mi

So full of fearefull Dreames That as I am a Christian fai I would not spend another

Though 'twere to buy a w So full of dismall terror wa

Keep. What was your dre

Cl. Me thoughts that I And was embark'd to crof And in my company my B

Who from my Cabin temp Vpon the Hatches: There And cited vp a thousand be